

Sketch of the Life of Karen Marie Hansen Allen
Written by her daughter Lydia Jane Allen Hardy

Karen Marie Hansen was born in Barnholm, Denmark, November 5, 1835, her father was Neils Maurice Hansen, born January 1, 1794 in Asterassher, Denmark, died January 14, 1849. Her mother was Christine Ingeborg Jespersen Hansen, born January 14, 1801, at Vestermarie, Denmark, died June 3, 1869 at Overton, Nevada.

Her father was a fisherman by trade and was drown in a storm at sea on the coast of Denmark.

Karen Marie was a real small woman, had real straight, dark brown hair and dark blue eyes, dark complexion. After grandfather Hansen died, Grandmother married a man by the name of Hans Anderson Pihl. They heard the gospel (From all indications Erastus Snow was the missionary) and emigrated in 1852 to the United States. They were persecuted because of joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Even their own relatives were bitter toward them, and were very unkind.

They crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel, "Enoch Train." The wind drove the ship back many days in the English Channel. The ship was very crowded and uncomfortable and water and food became very scarce, and had to be rationed out to them. It became very stale, Karen Marie said when the barrels were opened they even smelled bad with rationed water, sea biscuits and sea sickness they really suffered much. (a sea biscuit is a hard piece of bread especially made for sea use, it can only be nibbled, not bit off.)

They crossed the plains in a hand cart company. Somewhere along the way Grandpa Pihl died. (step-father) I have no record of him but when they arrived there was no record of him getting to Salt Lake with them. Grandmother and Karen Marie pulling the cart with their necessities and Neils Peter, the little brother of Karen walking, walking, and being real young was so tired all the time, that she felt so sorry for him that she would have him ride some to rest him. Grandmother was not well so the responsibility of it fell to mother to do most of the pulling of the cart. She said her little brother was brave and willing to walk but it was such a long way, and he was awfully tired. She never complained about herself being tired. Somewhere near the end of the journey they encountered a blizzard and got on the wrong road and nearly froze. A man that knew all about it told me about it and his name was Jens Jensen (I knew him in Mexico) he said it was the hand of the Lord that they got off the regular route as there were savage men, the Indians, that lay in wait for those who pass. He said they were hid in the trees and brush waiting for any one who came and if the storm had not come up and they had lost their way they would have been massacred. Indians then were very barbarious and hostile, they would torture in every cruel way before they finally killed their victims, then they would take their scalps and wear them on their belts.

In the blizzard their hands, feet, ears, and faces were frozen.

The saints that had came over earlier, my father, Joseph Stewart Allen, being one who came in 1848, had raised a crop and was settled. President Young asked them to take in the hand cart company. So father took in Grandma Hansen and her children, and they had food and shelter and worked for it. The kind of people they were they wouldn't have it any other way. Father's son, Isaac told me a few years ago as he could remember, that when they were frozen, that the frozen spots burned with fire and peeled off.

They didn't know the language of our people and they must have had much faith trying to learn everything, as our customs were so very different, so they really learned the hard way.

At that time father lived in North Bend later called Santaquin. Later he married Karen Marie on September 11, 1853. They lived in different places at different times but her first four children were born in Santaquin and Fairview. Elizabeth Eliza born April 20, 1857, Christina Marie, April 27, 1859, John Millard, July 24, 1861, Ellen Lesina, January 3, 1864.

While Ellen was still a baby, father and family with other families were called to start a mission in Nevada, then supposed to be part of Utah. About 1866 1867. (Muddy Mission)

They lived at Overton where Erastus Snow Peter was born January 15, 1867. President Erastus Snow was in charge there. When they were having the baby blessed, father called Brother Snow in and asked him to bless it. He asked what name, so Mother said Peter for her brother, so he proceeded and when he came to the name it was Erastus Snow Peter. Mother did not particularly like the name, but it was done. My brothers and sisters said they loved to hear Erastus Snow and Mother talk in the Danish language, so I have felt that he was the one that brought the Gospel to her family, as he was in Denmark doing missionary work at the time they heard the Gospel, and came over on the same boat they did.

July 20, 1870, Daniel Spencer was born in Overton too.

Mother's brother, Peter married Hannah Heaton, an emigrant girl from England, and lived in Overton until they were released to move away on account of unfavorable Government conditions. When mother first moved to the Muddy Valley they lived in a hut with a willow roof. While they lived there, there was a man who lived there before they did and he built him an adobe house. He had lost his wife and mother and grandmother helped him with his children, but soon he became discouraged and left before the others did. So he left his house and some of his furniture for them. A carter oak cook stove, a couple of rawhide bottom chairs and a few other things. That stove was the only one mother ever owned and she never owned a sewing machine. While she still lived in Santaquin she raised doggie lambs, sheared them and made cloth and stockings from the wool. She always worked hard and practically supported her family doing all kinds of work, some that should have been done by men, but she was ambitious and industrious and independent and no one could say of them were a burden to anyone.

Grandmother Hansen died at Overton on June 1, 1869. About the time she died there was a family of emigrants living in San Bernardino by the name of Thomas and Mary Blackburn and their son, Henry about sixteen. There was no church organization in San Bernardino, so they were advised to go to Overton or the Muddy Mission where there was an organization. Grandmother had just died so our folks let them use one of the rooms they had.

Uncle Peter used to live here. He used to call for the dances, he calls all night the same as the musicians would play all night.

As the things grew worse with the government, the Saints were released to go anywhere they wished to make their homes. A large portion of them came to Long Valley and made their home in Mt. Carmel, Utah. They came as a ward and later came to Orderville, the same ward. While in Mt. Carmel mother's seventh child was born, Lydia Jane, on November 5, 1872, on her 37th birthday.

Later, Brigham Young called the people to live in the United Order. Called Howard A. Spencer to be the Bishop over it. Samuel Mulliner was Bishop on the Muddy and also in Mt. Carmel but moved somewhere else when they started the order. Heleman Pratt was the Bishop at Overton and married Uncle Peter and Aunt Hannah. I met him in 1889, we were always best of friends. His wife used to borrow fathers slippers to dance in, she was Victoria Billings Pratt.

The authorities called on the people to see who would join. Father, mother and us six children were some of the first to join. There were two ladies, one a widow and one a single lady came on the freight wagon to live here, they were unloaded in the street near our place, they had no friends or relatives, so mother took them in. sister Holbrooke, the widow soon went up north to live, but sister Benton (Mary) stayed and was with mother until there was a place made for her. But she always came to see us and was always friendly, also Sister Blackburn's family was very close friends.

Mother's youngest child was born in Orderville soon after we moved here on October 2, 1875.

As soon as the St. George Temple was finished enough, father took his first wife, Lucy Diantha Morley down. They and their family did work for all of their family they could find. Afterward, father, mother, brother John, and sister Lesina (Ellen) or Ellie, did work for all of Mother's people they could trace back to 1700, also some favorite friends. They lived while there in a small cabin east of the town by the cemetery. The people of Orderville built it to live in while they were there doing temple work. They worked at anything they could get to keep us. Father and John worked on the Temple. At that time they only held one session five days a week, and they worked the rest of the time. Diadamia and I being the youngest, they took us with them. I well remember the men working on it and they had a steam engine to work with in the elevators and they would blow the whistle to call them to work in the morning and to eat their lunch at noon. I kept close watch over the oxen that the fount rests on and they looked so alive, I must have been a little afraid of them, (I'm quite sure I was) one man told me when they heard the whistle blow they would go out and get them a drink, and I kept wishing father and John would come before they started climbing out. I told father what he said but they hadn't come out by the time the whistle blew, father tried to tell me that they were made of iron and could not hear the whistle, that it was a joke.

Father and mother and their children did what ever they were told to do by those over them. Father learned the Cooper trade from Father Morley (Isaac Morley) and here in the Order he worked at it, making washtubs, molasses barrels, waterbuckets, and other useful things, butter bowls, paddles, chopping bowls and knives, from the red cedar growing in the canyon. He also made boots and shoes and repaired them. In the summer the cows were taken up the canyon to eat the green grass and milked there, and all dairy products made there. Father drove the milk wagon up early every morning and brought back the days supply. Mother helped distribute the milk, butter milk, butter and cottage cheese. She wove, knit stockings, made soap for laundry. She and David Fackrell made about all the soap. She did her own sewing, mending, spinning and knitting at night by a coal-oil lamp or firelight. Mothers health failed her from working so hard, that for about the last six years of her life, she was very ill. The last year she was in bed. Our sister, Ellen had married and moved away, but when mother took sick down in bed she came back with her. She had a baby, John Edward and took care of father, our two brothers and us two little girls. She was so good to us and took such good care of us and mother. Finally mother died on August 7, 1884, she was less than fifty years old. The English lady that lived with mother, Bary Benton, when she first came and was very intimate with, died that same year, December 4. Father and my brothers had a stone put up to both graves. John, Erastus and Spencer went up in gardenhollow and selected the stone and brought the stone down on a sled and on horseback. Erastus riding the horse and pulling the sled and John and Spencer guiding it along. Our brother-in-law who worked at that kind of stuff (Orville S. Cox) split the stone and made two out of it, one for mother and one for Sister Denton. Father and the boys put a fence around mother's grave so that the stock wouldn't trample on it. It was kept in repair for many years after, then it was torn down.

After mother's death, sister's Ellen and Christina took care of mother's things, and with father, divided her few things among us. Christina took Lydia Jane and Ellen took Diadamia and the boys worked. Erastus on the range with the cattle, living with Edward Lamb, and Spencer with John part of the time and

getting work where he could part of the time, and caring for himself. It was all so sad. Mother had lovely flower beds, had morning glory up on strings by our bedroom window, four o'clocks, moss roses, larkspurs, holly-hock, phlox, sweet-williams, pinks and many other plants and flowers. She did all our clothes making them by hand, wove the cloth, spun the yarn, she made quilts piecing the blocks by hand, washed the wool by hand, carded the bats and quilted them.

After mother died, father lived with his daughter Lenora and Christina for a little while getting Mothers affairs taken care of. Ellen went back to her home in Monroe and father went to Huntington, where his first wife and his children lived, as we had no home here and no family. That year his wife, Lucy came back to Orderville to visit her daughter, Lenora. Father worked husking corn and many other things, he caught a bad cold and had pneumonia and erysipelas and suffered a great deal. None of mothers children could get where he was on account of deep snow which piled up for months and had to be crossed on snowshoes over the Divide; after a long illness he died April 21, 1889.

